

Once upon a Cliché story by Bianca Candelaria

Once upon a time, in a big palace that was—beautiful. The palace had a garden with roses that were—beautiful. And in the palace, in search of a handsome prince, lived a princess that was—beautiful. Elegance, glamour, narcissistic—beauty. Hello! And welcome. Welcome to you all. How have you been? Today I'm going to be presenting you a brand new show. Yes! Of course. Like always the best of them all, a woman who is very majestic, radiant, attractive. Huh? Huh? Obviously talented and brilliant. Me, Your Grand Cliché. A round of applause please, that I've come to enlighten your life. Let's see...

Scene 27 junkie prostitute

I met him when I was thirty-two. The guy, who sold me all the dope, invited me to his house. I was tired of my own. My kids? With their grandma. Yes, I didn't appreciate what I had at home and I started screwing someone else. But everything has a start, a beginning. And mine was with a simple drug and every time it was inside me. Running through my veins, I was born again. it's a difficult life you know, almost impossible ay e I wouldn't have depended on him and studied, I wouldn't be working so hard. All the things I have done for just some food. Every son of a bitch who has touched me and I— who has let them do so. (Laughter) Once again with the same bullshit. Huh? Let's see... The woman is a prostitute, she had a roof over her head and a family, but with time she was more of a woman than a mother. That is what I'm supposed to perform for you guys today, another story created by an author. Oh but how stupid it was to sit down aha write when they hadn't even stepped up to live. Pitiful, but I'm the one who pays. Because when they decide to give all these shitty stories life I end end up being your most harmed toy. I'm the puppet you use to display your most gory ideas. But that's what all of you like? Right? Oh! Before I forget; I know you're all

waiting, but don't be morons. The whore ends up fucked up.. But that's what all of you like?

Right? Now I could sit down and hear what all of you have to say.

(Old lady) **The authors of Disney's most famous stories were full of compassion and**

love... (sight) Compassion bullshit. In the real stories by The Grimm Brothers and John De La Fontaine someone always ends like the whore... fucked up. Cinderella? (Bibidi bobbi bu chorus). The stepsisters end up cutting off part of their feet so a glass slipper would fit all because of a man. The Little Mermaid? (Part of Your World chorus) No shit. This is the shy and quiet girl that runs off to meet a man. The one who ends up dead by the side of a river. Like in the real story that she ends up suicidal and without a husband. Pinocchio? This is the lying, ignorant brat, who gets away with everything. Who kills his own conscience. Like a guy who kills a whole family and then has the balls to ask for forgiveness. Well, well what a way to ruin your childhood. But that's life. Only that people like me have to perform it.

Let me explain myself. What wins here is what sells, and this is what sells. The morbid, the disgusting, the gore, which is life. Instead of trying to survive it. The world is a dangerous place; not because of the people who are evil, but because of the people who don't do anything about it (quote by Albert Einstein). But here I am, sadly and painfully. Your Grand Cliché. Once I leave the stage I carry inside of me all my beginnings **I'm a psychotic killer. I have been raped one, two, three, four, five times. I'm a junkie who lost everything.**

A round of applause please... that I have come to enlighten your life. Everything has a begging. Mine? Tell me so that I can remember. And they lived happily ever...